What Do You Know of the Griefs That Are in Me?

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13420248.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Mischa Lecter (mentioned), Molly Graham (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Murder Husbands, Hair Braiding, Cuddling, Hannibal Loves Will, Will Loves Hannibal, Fluff, Hurt/Comfort, Grief/Mourning, Kind Of, Implied/Referenced Psychological Trauma, subtle???? I think, References to Hannibal Rising, Idiots in Love
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of I'm Very Fawned of You, My Deer
Stats:	Published: 2018-01-19 Words: 1,454 Chapters: 1/1

What Do You Know of the Griefs That Are in Me?

by amoralagent

Summary

> *"This is a very mother-daughter thing to do. Conventionally speaking."*
>
> *"We've never spoken in terms of the conventional, Will. I wouldn't deign to start now."*
>
> Will wants to learn to braid Hannibal's hair. They end up talking about their families, and things they'd rather forget.

Notes

> Title: Letter to Oskar Pollak by Franz Kafka

"I think I'm getting the hang of this, y'know." Will declared in a mumble, clumps of soft hair sorted between his fingers as he concentrated on plaiting it. What can he say, he compared Hannibal to a Viking and thought he should have the hairstyle to match. He'd watched Molly do it a handful of times so thought it would just be a case of some breed of knotting, not dissimilar to the fancy coils and threading he'd done to create the fly fishing ties, or used when docking a boat. It was something to occupy his time.

Somehow, Hannibal had already required a knack for doing it, like he'd inexplicably required a knack for everything within the boundaries of human capability. He was happy to indulge Will's want to learn, as always. Will was determined, he'll give him that.

"Given how good you are with your hands, I'm surprised you're struggling with this at all." Hannibal noted, not finding it difficult to ignore Will's escapade to be able to read the book in his lap. Will scoffed behind him.

"You're filthy. Besides, some of us didn't have a sibling to practice hairstyling stuff on."

"I hardly recall the majority of that time- it's not a good argument to make. Some of us have never had a *wife* to observe." He sat up a little straighter between Will's legs, like merely mentioning his past marriage unsettled him to such an extent, that it had to present itself physically.

"I wouldn't go there when I have fistfuls of your hair at my disposal." Just as he said it, he folded the wrong piece over the other and had to unwind his progress, "This is a very mother-daughter thing to do. Conventionally speaking."

"We've never spoken in terms of the conventional, Will. I wouldn't deign to start now." Stopping the movement of his hands, Will doubted Hannibal was able to focus on his reading anymore. Then again, he needn't doubt him at all- he could do fifty things at once and still do them all exquisitely, for fuck's sake. Graceful, intellectual bastard he was: "Although, I'm sure you could make the conventional seem appealing. Even to me."

"*Especially* to you."

Hannibal hummed in agreement, possibly smiling, "Having your hair and scalp touched is something most people enjoy. It's therapeutic. Sensual. As long as you can get the technique right, that is."

"I don't appreciate the judgement, actually. Keep that shit to yourself. I'm trying to make you beautiful."

Hannibal turned his head a little back to him, *"Trying?"*

"Trying." Will conceded, adding under his breath, "You certainly are trying." He was clearly struggling with the smaller sections the closer he got to the end, probably pulling too hard. It's not like Hannibal would react, even if he ripped his hair out, "Did you ever see your mother doing her hair? Do you remember stuff like that?"

Mentioning such things that could've caused fucking flashbacks or something had become far easier between them. Conversations were always open and shockingly honest. Nothing off limits anymore. Of course, because of it, they could go as far as make the other cry. Perhaps unintentionally. Hannibal sighed, quiet, thinking.

"I remember her perfume. The painted ceiling of her bedroom- the shine of her hair, lustrous and vivid gold in the sunlight. Her eyes were like mine. If I delve too deep-- I can remember her clothes." *Fire on his mother's clothes.*

He didn't react as much to that image anymore. Wound too scarred over and nestled away. Will's movements in his hair stopped again, as if he felt his silent pain like his own.

"I'm glad you remember that. It's good." Will offered, not wanting to taint the situation with bland sentiments and empty wishes. Hannibal didn't need him to do that, either.

"It's a shame I can't remember the faces of my parents with clarity. It could be therapeutic to be able to recreate them in charcoal."

"A tangible rendering of something unfairly intangible." Will mused, tucking his feet under Hannibal's calves, "It would be... magnificent. A beautiful ode to them."

Hannibal turned a page and absentmindedly stroked the top of Will's thigh with his freehand, "Do you feel like you owe your parents anything? Have to create an ode to them, tangible or not?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think of them? Do you think you are obliged to them?"

"No one ever asks to be born. You can't have an obligation without doing anything to incur that obligation."

"As true as that is, do you not feel indebted to reciprocate at least in part of what they gave you?" Will stopped again, scowling slightly in thought.

"What *he* gave me- my dad. No one else. And I think our relationship was based on his responsibility to me, since my mother had none." Resentment still stirred in him whenever the thought about her absence. It lurked somewhere in the forests of his mind. A shadow of something that once burned all too bright.

"*Was* based?" Will laughed humourlessly, once, like a scoff.

"It's not so much there now. It's like when I went off to college, he no longer needed to bother." Maybe that did him a disservice- he wasn't a bad father. A drunk, a drifter, poor with money. But he tried. Will felt loved by him, in a sometimes distant fashion, "The closest he's come to seeing me is probably on the news nowadays."

"FBI's most wanted."

"Yeah." Will smiled to himself, not so much thinking of the reaction his mugshots on a TV above a barstool would get from him, but wondering what would happen if his dad knew the reality of the situation. That Will was in love and happily married to The Hannibal Lecter. That he often put his dick in the jaws of a cannibal. That he was currently braiding the serial killer's hair, that he'd grown out because he'd asked him to. *Forget disappointing him; it would send him to his fucking grave.*

"Does that hurt you? That you aren't connected."

"A little, but I don't need that anymore. I doubt he'd want to hear it, anyway." It was weird to think that he theoretically could pick up the phone and hear his dad's voice on the other end. It didn't feel right at all. Will narrowed his eyes, "Are you trying to get all *ethics of care* on me?"

He heard the smile in Hannibal's voice, "I can be curious without being deceptive, can't I?"

"There's *always* a reason for your curiosity. Why are you thinking about my parents?"

Hannibal tilted his head in contemplation, "I can only recall small parts from when my parents were living. I only know their faces from photographs, yet I feel connected to them in ways beyond imagination." If they were facing each other, Will would've held his hand.

"Do *you* owe them anything?"

"How can I? It would be fruitless. I've done what I've felt necessary to move on." *An M carved into flesh, bright red. M for Mischa.* Hannibal closed his eyes for a moment, savouring and suppressing.

"Even if someone we love dies, you can still feel what you feel without reason." In response, Hannibal hummed again. Will swiftly tied the hairband, securing his hard work, running his fingers down it. He hesitated for a second, before asking, "Does it upset you that you aren't connected?"

"More than I let it."

Will slunk his hands around Hannibal's waist wordlessly and held him tightly, sighing deeply, and resting his chin atop his shoulder. They both stayed quiet for a long moment, warm and secure. Will eventually spoke, voice muffled by Hannibal's sweater: "You know that I love you, don't you?"

Hannibal sighed, a smile present around his eyes: "I could never forget it."

"Good." He nosed at the side of his neck, admiring his profile the best he could at such close proximity and the weird angle. He could feel it when Hannibal leant back minutely, enjoying his touch, "You know what else?"

Hannibal gave him a sidelong glance, eyes glazed over with tenderness, "Are you going to say something inappropriate?"

Will gasped, "*Me? Inappropriate?* Never."

"Of course not." Hannibal quelled a besotted smile, "Definitely not after such a heartfelt conversation."

"Well, as lovely as it was, there are more pressing matters at hand."

"Hm?"

Will leaned in close, enjoying the feeling of Hannibal's beard against his cheek and spoke lowly, "After sitting still for so long, I definitely owe you something. And you are *fucking beautiful."*

Hannibal laughed slightly, and bought a hand up to cradle the back of Will's head as he kissed him, washing all the troubled thoughts away.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!